THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

December, 1804.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU BOCCAGE.

[With a beautiful Portrait.]

THIS lady, we are informed, was born at Rouen, in Normandy, in the month of October, 1710; and afterwards became a member of the academy of her native city, as well as of many others, particularly Lyons and Rome. She received her education in a convent at Paris, at a period when the immediately preceding reign of Louis XIV. the great patron of learning and the arts, had furnished that city with all the advantages which his munificence could attract from every part of the world: advantages of which Marie Anne du Boccage, the subject of our present memoir, as will appear in the sequel, happily availed herself. At an age when her sex are occupied, or rather swallowed up, in the agitations and exercises of the new-born passion, "sweet passion of love," she, smit with the love of song, applied herself with the utmost assiduity to the study of the English language, that she might be able to give her countrymen, in their own tongue, an imitation of Pope's "Temple of Fame."

This imitation failed, as might be supposed, of answering the rapturous ideas of excellence she had proposed to herself, and hoped to accomplish, when her youthful mind first glowed with the poetic enthusiasm enkindled by Pope's "thoughts that burn;" and she secreted it for many years, when it afterwards appeared in the collection of her works.

It was not, we are told, till the year 1746, when she was thirty-six years of age, that she had assumed sufficient courage to present herself to the public in the character of a poet; about which time Fontenelle (who, as well as the great Corneille, had derived his birth from the same province as Madame du Boccage) had made an attention to the sciences fashionable; greatly aided also by the influence of M. de Voltaire in polite literature; so that it was become common, for persons of rank and consequence, and especially ladies, to appoint stated days, on which assemblies of the *literati* were held, where gaming and frivolity gave place to instructive conversation, and learned amusements.

In 1745, the Duke of Luxemburgh, governor of the province of Normandy, founded the Academy of Rouen; and our heroine had the honour and fortune to gain the first prize given by that society: but we have not been able to ascertain what was the subject on which her talents were so eminently displayed. This, as might be supposed, procured her the notice of many celebrated members of the Royal Academy of Sciences; among whom, as her greatest intimates, we find La Condamine, Clairaut, Mairan, and Fontenelle, particularly mentioned.

We now find Madame du Boccage sufficiently emboldened, by the reputation she had obtained in carrying away an academic prize from numerous competitors, to affix her name to whatever she published; and from this period her literary career becomes more apparent, and she may be traced with greater certainty.

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To our readers it will furnish abundant proof, that she had made considerable advances in the way of confidence in her own powers, and that her breast still glowed with the youthful flame which had so early kindled at Pope's "Temple of Fame," as already mentioned, by her now undertaking to transpose into her own language, some portion of the spirit of Milton, by a translation, or rather imitation of the "Paradise Lost;" a work which she thoroughly understood in its native dress, and from which she consequently had been accustomed to derive the most supreme delight: and this was followed with what she considered as a kind of sequel to the foregoing, *i. e.* Gessner's "Death of Abel," of which she attempted an imitation in the same manner as she had done of Milton; in both which her success was very considerable, and much greater in the latter instance than in the former, as may readily be imagined. Her modesty, however, amidst the applauses she received, appears very conspicuous, in her begging pardon of these celebrated authors for the injustice she had done them.

These heroic imitations were followed, in 1749, by an attempt in the dramatic line; and she had sufficient interest to procure her tragedy of the "Amazons" to be represented at the *Theatre Français*, which was well received, and afterwards honored with a translation: and if we may trust the report of the French biographers, with whom it is a general trait to make the character they have under consideration excel all others, Madame du Boccage surpassed her female predecessors in that walk of literature.

To an aspiring genius, thirsting after fame, and imitating writers of the first eminence, we shall not wonder at finding a successful tragedy followed by an epic poem. This was the "Columbiad; or, Discovery of America;" in ten cantos; which, among French epics, raised the reputation of its author very

high: and, which is very much to her praise, she knew when she had enough of fame, and wisely avoided putting it to any farther risk, notwithstanding the great number of years she survived its publication. As the French are confessedly inferior to other countries in heroic poetry, this lady must be content with having the merit of her work appreciated in the quaint phrase of regenerated France, namely, that "she has deserved well of her country," and not pretend comparison with the Tassos, Miltons, and Ariostos, who have astonished and delighted the world. The wide range the subject embraces, seems to require an almost boundless variety of knowledge of the world, as well as very extensive erudition; while study alone had been hitherto the ruling passion of her life, and had happily preserved her from the dangerous allurements of pleasure, and the light and trifling amusements with which her nation is reproached: and we are told, that this desire of knowledge was connected with charms of person, such as would have insured her the homage of the *beau monde;* and that we are not to attribute the character she maintained, to her being destitute of those attractions which would have rendered her conspicuous in the gay circles; or her love of study and retirement, to a want of capacity for enjoying the world.

Having closed her poetic career with the "Columbiad," before she was quite forty years of age, she thought now of exchanging a recluse life, and literary ease, for that kind of knowledge which is only to be obtained by travelling; commencing this course at the period when most *literati* conclude their travels. We find her expressing her own sentiments on this subject in the following terms: "At fifteen or twenty years of age, we are caressed by our native country, in which we are regarded as a springing flower, and have credit given us not only for what we are, but even according to the hopes that are entertained

tertained of what we shall be; probably far beyond what futurity will realize, except in some few uncommon instances: in addition to this, the land of our birth has at that period the same charms for us, that any other country can have at a more advanced period of life; that is, it has the charm of novelty. We should therefore enjoy it, in the first place; while in the freshness of its beauty, and the ardor of our youthful imaginations, it presents on every side, subjects for reflection, objects of pleasure, and matter of astonishment. By habit, however, these objects are rendered insipid; pleasure vanishes, and wonder ceases. Let us now exchange our residence for that of a foreign country; our first entrance there will resemble our first entrance into the world; we shall become a kind of new beings; and though mankind are every where the same, viewed in the great outline of their manners and passions, yet we meet with them under forms dissimilar enough to engage our utmost curiosity and attention. We may conceive this charm continually accompanying the man, who should have the courage perpetually to perambulate the globe, and that, by this means, he would daily renew, or acquire, a new set of sensations, instead of those blunted by time, and satiated by constantly beholding the same object."

Madame du Boccage took her route through England, Holland, and Italy; and is now to be considered under a new point of view; that is, the rank she is intitled to among epistolary writers; a line in which men, who had obtained great eminence for their works in other kinds, were yet ambitious to excel. Pope, notwithstanding his high reputation as a poet, was greedy of applause in this way, as the labor bestowed on his letters (not always successful) evidently shews. Poets, politicians, dramatists, moralists; Gay, Swift, Voltaire, Frederic, Richardson, Johnson, have all sought to add another distinction to their names, as men of epistolary talents.

At the period at which we are arrived in the life of Madame du Boccage, Madame de Sevigné and Voltaire were held to be unrivalled in this species of writing; but it is allowed, that, though the poetical efforts of our heroine led her to imitation, yet her letters do not appear to be formed upon any model, but she has followed the natural bent of her own genius; and therefore, from the very nature of her subjects, she fell into a greater resemblance of Lady Mary W. Montague than of either of those abovementioned.

It was with relation to her letters from Italy, that Voltaire expresses himself thus to her: "Your letters are equal to those of Lady Montague. I obtain a knowledge of Constantinople from her, and of Rome from you; and, thanks to your style, I am led to give the preference to Rome." It is true, this testimony would have greater weight with the dispassionate reader, if it had been spoken of a writer of another country, and a former age; but addressed, as it is, by a pert Frenchman, to a living character, and that character a lady, and she a French lady, an Englishman, at least, will hesitate before he subscribes to it. It must be allowed, that at that capital seat of the arts, she appears to have derived inspiration from her theme: to write with an enthusiasm evidently caught from the numerous beauties with which she found herself surrounded; and the pleasure she received is transfused into her language, and seems to illumine her subjects.

At Rome her way for a most flattering reception was already paved. She had dedicated her epic poem, the "Columbiad," to the reigning Pope, Benedict XIV. and had translated Cardinal Passionei's "Funeral Oration for Prince Eugene" into French: this latter more especially contributed to procure her every accommodation that could in any way gratify her; perhaps, because he could with more propriety

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act on such an occasion; and not because the Pope was less grateful, or in any degree disposed to slight her, if it be true, which is related, that he woudl repair to the window, when she was going by with the Cardinal in his carriage, in order to bestow his benediction, and get a sight of the lady. This species of homage from two men of above fourscore, was more gratifying to a woman of her turn of mind, as being paid to her talents, than the transitory adoration of youthful lovers during the reign of beauty.

A circumstance occurred at Geneva, as she was returning from Italy, which serves to give us a little insight into the character of the vain, pompous *soi-disant* philosopher, Voltaire, whom she visited, on this occasion, at his residence, which was termed *Délices*. Having previously provided a wreath made of sprigs of laurel, he solemnly *seated* himself before her, soon after her arrival, and remarking that "something was wanting to compleat her *coiffure*," clapped it on her head. Thus assuming to himself the place ascribed to Apollo by the ancients, and as possessing the power of conferring literary immortality, of which the laurel was an emblem. We may, however, conclude, that the compliment was agreeable enough to the lady. The interview was productive of a correspondence between them, which, it is probable, both sought, as a convenient medium for conveying to the world their talents in the epistolary way; and the praises which each liberally bestowed on the other, "to receive as much again."

On her return to Paris, her literary character now greatly increased by fresh accessions of reputation, we find her surrounded with what may with propriety enough be called a second generation of men of letters, and, who were, in the fullest sense, a *new* generation, or distinct race from the wits with whom she first conversed. This will immediately strike the reader, on meeting with such names as Condorcet,

cet, Bailly, Barthelemy, Thomas, and such like, whose scientific works are well known, and highly esteemed, which is the light they are to be considered in with relation to Madame du Boccage; but whose pernicious speculative reasonings, revolutionary crimes, and violent deaths, must now necessarily mingle with their remembrance. She survived these men also, as she had done the former race; and, by temperance and moderation in the use of her enjoyments, and, perhaps, still more by a happy equability of temper, which had marked her disposition through life, she arrived at the great age of ninety-two; having died only two years ago; namely, in the month of August, 1802.

In contemplating the period of a life that extended to the length almost of a century, we are struck with a conviction of the fleeting nature, and final end, of what was called *liberty* in her native country; for she who was born in the tyrannical reign of Louis XIV. died under the far more dreadful tyranny of Bonaparte.

We are also naturally led to call to mind the impressions made upon us, by our early reading, respecting the haughty demeanour, cruel and ambitious projects of that splendid Monarch; his invasion of Holland, his burning the Palatinate, his dragooning the Hugonots, and his unceasing activity to depress our native country; and we were ready to conclude, that there was no danger of such a disturber of the peace of the world arising in our time. Let this teach us humility, and a distrust of our own powers of judging: for, perhaps, in the scale of possibilities, and the extensive range of human wickedness, though all we have learned from history, and all that imagination itself can furnish to aid our conceptions, fall short, there may arise a monster in crime greater than Bonaparte.

October, 1804.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXVI.

I HAVE heard much against the present fashionable dress, or rather *no* dress, among females, on the score of health, decency, and comfort; but my Correspondent places the injury it does to dependents in a new point of view, and therefore I allow her to speak her own wrongs.

" Much respected Madam,

" As you sometimes admit the correspondence of persons in inferior situations like myself, I should be highly flattered to see myself in print; and, perhaps, what I have to say, may be as well calculated to do good, (the evident object of your labors,) as if written by a person moving in the circle of fashion, of which I confess myself only an humble spectator. I am, however, one of your constant readers and admirers, my lady, in her bounty, always giving me the elegant little work in which your writings appear, generally after skimming the contents, and looking at the fashions; unless she should be particularly struck with any article, which in that case, she will endeavor to find leisure to read, while I am dressing her; for I do assure you, there are few moments in the day besides, that are not filled up with other *duties* and *engagements*.

" But as I am a perfect stranger, some introductory account of myself may be necessary, and expected, before I can hope that you will condescend to take my case into consideration; but I shall study to be brief, that I may neither tire you nor your readers, should you honor me so far as to make this public.

" I am the daughter of a clergyman; a character which I am sure you respect; and if you had known my dear father, he deserved all the veneration that learning,

learning, piety, and virtue, could excite. But he wanted patronage, and therefore wanted preferment equal to the independent support of a large family of three sons and five daughters; and being called from this world before we were in general grown up, he left us to the care of Providence, and the benevolence of the considerate and humane. Not to trouble you with the history of my brothers and sisters, I shall only say that the lady of the Squire of the parish where my father resided and died, took me under her protection when I was fourteen years of age; and during six years that I lived under her hospitable roof, she treated me rather like a daughter than a dependent. In fact, between me and her only child, who was nearly of my own age, there was little difference, except in prospects. We lived together on equal terms; and I found a sister, and a mother, where I had no right to expect more than the respect that is due to innocence and misfortune. Alas! why did my happiness so soon end! The young lady to whom I was a companion, (I should rather say a sister, for I was treated as such,) falling into a decline, after lingering a few months, paid the debt of nature. Her mother soon followed her to the grave, and left me in such a state of health and spirits, that I should have been happy to have followed them, had it been the will of God. But I was reserved for other events; of which it is impossible at present to predict the issue. Yet wheresoever, and howsoever, Providence may dispose of me, I trust I shall be able to look backward without shame, and forward with the hope of being happy at last with those whom I must ever love and esteem.

"A sister of my patroness, who lived in London, seeing my destitute situation, offered me an asylum with her till she could hear of some permanent situation for me. I accepted her proposal, and found her, on the whole, a very amiable woman, though very different to the friend I had lost. She treated me with

with kindness, indeed; but I felt that it was a debt paid to charity rather than to love; and contrasting the past with the present, I shed many bitter tears in private; and was anxious to obtain a settlement, where my services might be considered as equivalent to the wages and maintenance I received.

"It was not long before I heard of a place with two maiden ladies, who wanted a person to work with them, and read to them. Finding I was the daughter of a clergyman, and that I had been tolerably well educated, and used to associate with my superiors in point of fortune, they readily engaged me; and I entered on my new office, with an earnest desire to render myself useful and agreeable. After a few months' observation and experience, however, I found it impossible to please. My mistresses were of very opposite tastes and tempers; and if I proved acceptable to the one, I was sure to offend the other. Neither of them had received the advantages of education: their fortune came to them unexpectedly, by the death of an uncle, who had never paid them any attention when alive; and being then advancing towards fifty years of age, they were equally unqualified to appear to advantage in public, or to enjoy their acquisition in private. I found them ignorant both of books and of manners; though they affected to understand both; and often pretended to instruct me, where I was sensible they wanted instruction themselves. They were constantly dinning in my ears a contempt for the other sex; for no other reason, I verily believe, but because they received no notice themselves; and if, on any occasion, I received and returned a civil compliment, they were ready to abuse me for my forwardness; though, God knows, I could not, on the strictest scrutiny into my conduct and motives, accuse myself of any thing approaching confidence or familiarity with any person, male or female. I must do them the justice, however, to allow, that when their temper was not soured, or

when I was not unfortunate enough to oblige one at the expense of the other, that they seemed to entertain a real regard for me, and would have been happy to promote my interest, in any way consistent with their own views of happiness. But you may naturally suppose, Madam, a young person like myself, who had been accustomed to another kind of society, and who had imbibed other notions, could not experience much comfort with these antiquated maidens; and, after passing two years with them, and finding their tempers daily becoming more impracticable, I was glad to hear of a young lady of high rank, who wanted an attendant, and to whom I was lucky enough, as I thought, to possess the means of procuring an introduction, and recommendation. These advantages I used, with the consent rather than the approbation of my two mistresses, who were very loath to part with me, and who gave me clothes enough at parting, to furnish a little wardrobe; but which, had I worn in the streets, I should have been pointed at for my grotesque appearance. They were not only unfashionable, but of a kind and quality that few women have been in the habit of wearing for half a century. They sold, however, for a pretty considerable sum; and I was richer when I entered on my new place, than ever I had been before in this world.

"The lady whom I now serve, was the daughter of an Earl: she was young, gay, and accomplished, according to the common acceptation of the term; but which, I am sorry to observe, means a knowledge of what is scarcely worth knowing, and a complete ignorance of every thing valuable in life or manners. Besides a liberal pension, I was to have all my lady's cast-off clothes; and as she was extremely fond of dress, I expected this would have yielded me more than my regular wages. But in this I was egregiously deceived. I soon discovered that her whole dress consisted of a laced *chemise*, a train, and a pair of drawers; and when I entered her service, she expressed

pressed as much astonishment at my decent and comfortable clothing, as I did at her subjecting herself to cold and nakedness, merely because it was the fashion. In short, my respected Madam, this is the point to which I wish to call your attention. I have no objection to any fashion that is consistent with modesty and propriety; but when ladies engage to allow their attendants clothes, it is a gross imposition, according to the present mode; for a fashionable dress is, in reality, scarcely enough to wear under bed-clothes. But this is not the only evil of which I have to complain. My lady not only defrauds me of my expected advantages, but she insists on my imitating her; and this, neither delicacy nor health will suffer me to do. I have not only already, in compliance with her wishes, reduced myself to less clothing than a parish pauper would be thought starving under, but I have caught cold upon cold by so doing; and I find it impossible, as winter advances, to continue my present slight covering, much more so to reduce it to the articles that compose my lady's full dress. If, therefore, I could be satisfied with diminished wages, I find it impossible to live under fashionable clothing; and unless I can be allowed to please myself in dress, I must give her warning, and try to find a less elegant, though probably a more comfortable place. There are many young persons in the same situation with myself; and therefore I hope I shall be allowed to be heard in their defence as well as my own, at the bar of the public. I am,

"Much respected Madam,

"FANNY WOOLLOVE."

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. IX.

[Concluded from page 226.]

Thus chequer'd is the life below,
With gleams of joy and clouds of woe;
Then hope not, while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun;
Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine never will return.

BEATTIE.

RETURNING from the apartment of the Duchess, Osborne met Lady Alexina in the gallery. He had not seen her for several days, and they mutually started at this unexpected rencontre. Raising his eyes timidly to her face, he was struck with an alteration which gave him the deepest affliction; her countenance wore the pallid hue of sickness, and her eyes glistened with tears. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, Osborne caught her hand. "Fly me not, I conjure you, Lady Alexina. I have long anxiously desired to see you. The distressing situation of affairs will not allow me to say more, than that, amongst all other evils, the dread of losing your esteem is to me the most severe." "Speak not on the subject, (cried Alexina, trembling with agitation:) though the partiality which our early habits of intimacy gave rise to is checked by untoward events, I trust a time will come, when it will be no longer a crime in me to esteem you." "A crime! Alexina. Do I live to hear this from you! Yet why do I repine? Your heart pleads in my favor, and that assurance is a blessing in the midst of my misery." The color rushed to the cheeks of the embarrassed girl; and hastily withdrawing her hand, she replied, "What have I said to admit of such an interpretation? Leave me, Osborne. Honor, duty, prudence,

prudence, every thing sacred, conspires to separate us. For your sake I wish this terrible transaction cleared up. Your friend Monmouth is persuaded of your innocence; but, alas! he has no power. "Monmouth! (repeated Osborne vehemently:) he is no longer my friend; he will be your husband!!" At that moment Monmouth stood before them: his apartment opened into the gallery, and he had overheard every word of their conversation. With a calm and dignified mien he approached them. "Ungenerous Osborne, (said he,) you may repent of having wronged me thus. I am your friend; and to convince you of it, if proof be necessary, now receive it. Lady Alexina, this hand, by consent of our parents, is mine. Valuable as the gift would be esteemed by me under other circumstances, the happiness of Osborne is to me still dearer. He knows it: he knows all my weakness; but he knows not yet all I would do for him. The cloud which blights his prospects shall be removed. When convinced of his worth, will not you reward him for all his past sufferings?" Lady Alexina hid her face in an excess of emotion, and the sound of footsteps on the staircase caused them to separate abruptly; though the eyes of Osborne made a pathetic appeal to the heart of Lady Alexina. Monmouth followed Osborne into the saloon. "Something must be done, (said he.) Del Marino is a villain; and if you tamely wait the result of his machinations, you will be ruined. I will have some conversation with him this evening, and you shall know the result." "My conduct has, I fear, been interpreted to my disadvantage in this business, (said Osborne.) One consideration only has prevented my speaking to Del Marino as I could wish. Should the ambition of Mrs. Fitzroy have induced her to fabricate this tale, I am too nearly allied to him to take justice into my own hands." "True, (replied Monmouth;) but I have little apprehension of that being the case. However, I will tell you more to-

morrow." After tea, Monmouth followed Del Marino into the shrubbery, where he usually strolled every evening. "I have a great curiosity to see this prisoner, (said Monmouth.) You keep him closely guarded. Surely, Marquis, you can have no private reason for making yourself such a vigilant jailor." The eyes of Del Marino sought the ground. "Neither should I suppose you have any private reason for calling me to account, young man," said he haughtily; though his voice faltered. "You seem to take my observations amiss: this augurs that they have some foundation!" "Sir, (cried the astonished and alarmed Del Marino,) do you suspect!!—" We are apt to be suspicious (replied Monmouth, coolly) when we perceive symptoms of fear and guilt." "What do you mean to insinuate, Sir?——" Plainly, that some underhand doings are carried on in the Castle." "Sir, this is language I am unused to: I desire you to explain." "I am as little used to be commanded, Marquis. If you are, as you pretend, a man of honor, and a well-wisher to this family, let those who are concerned have the advantage of clear investigation: let Osborne have an interview with the prisoner." "Do you think (said Del Marino sarcastically) that I am to be dictated to by a petulant, romantic boy, who chuses to espouse the cause of a young base-born adventurer, the minion of the intriguing Duchess?" "Villainous calumniator! (exclaimed Monmouth, losing all self-command, and seizing Del Marino by the collar,) instantly retract your aspersions, or"— "Release myself thus," returned Del Marino, drawing a stiletto from his vest, and deliberately plunging it into the bosom of the unfortunate youth. Monmouth felt that the stab was mortal; and, with the vengeance of despair, drew his sword, and pierced the heart of his assassin, who fell by his side, and expired with an agonized groan. Monmouth vainly endeavoured to reach the Castle: he grew sick, and faint: his sight failed him, and he sunk on the ground

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in a swoon. Osborne, astonished at the length of their conference, and with a secret dread of a misunderstanding, hastened to seek his friend: he found him, cold and senseless, with the murderous weapon still in his vest. His horror and grief may be imagined: he clasped the body of his friend in his arms, and bore him to the Castle, where the alarmed family soon collected round him, and with difficulty succeeded in restoring animation to the expiring Monmouth. Opening his eyes for a moment, he fixed them on Osborne. "Del Marino is guilty, (he cried.) I have avenged your cause; I die content. Dear Osborne, may you be happy. Kind friends, grieve not; my early days were marked by sorrow. Let justice be done. This injured youth is the victim of mystery; but Alexina will reward him." He grasped a hand of each, and pressed his cheek upon them. He extended his arms to his father, and invoking his blessing, breathed his last sigh. Osborne clung to the lifeless body with anguish: no force could tear him from it; and the tears of Lady Alexina mingled with his. The Duchess, though deeply grieved, had a nearer interest at heart: she dispatched servants to remove the body of Del Marino to the Lodge, and Duncan was commissioned to secure the keys and papers belonging to the deceased. This order he punctually executed; and her astonishment was only equalled by her dismay, to find terrible confirmation of the Duke's treachery, and Del Marino's baseness. One packet of papers, found in the Marquis's cabinet, was the whole of his correspondence with the Duke, in which the plan was disclosed relating to the captivity of the unsuspecting Henry, who was seized by bravoes in the service of Del Marino, and conveyed on board an Algerine vessel lying in the harbour, instead of that in which he expected to rejoin his beloved Paulina. The progressive villany of Del Marino, his designs on the life of the infant, and his rapacious plunder of the Duke's property, were also ma-

nifested by several other documents: and Margaretta hastened to repair, as much as was in her power, the faults of her Lord, by the immediate liberation of the long-suffering Henry. This grateful task was assigned to Osborne: it drew him from his sorrows: he flew to the prison of his father, and received the fond paternal embrace. "Our enemy is no more, (said he exultingly.) The cause of innocence prevails, and we shall yet be happy." "Be not too sanguine, my child, (said the cautious parent.) My youthful days were full of joyful prospects; but calamity overtook me in the moment of fancied security, and taught me to look for happiness only in immortality." "Despondency is ingratitude, my father, (said Osborne:) we must take the cup of life mixed as it flows. But let me lead you to my friends; they are anxious to make compensation, by their kindness, for all your past afflictions." "But my brother, (said the Duke:) has he so long been callous to the calls of Nature and humanity, as to persist in an accusation which loads me with obloquy. I never raised my hand against his life, heaven is my witness." "He never accused you, (replied Osborne:) it was the villain Del Marino, who feared the detection of his crimes." "And was my brother so credulous?" "Alas! reason forsook him from the hour of your interview." "The power of mercy restore him, (cried the Duke with energy:) he has my prayers and forgiveness."

The amiable Margaretta, setting aside every idea of self-interest, and persuaded, by the physicians, that her husband's malady was incurable, made restitution to the Duke of his long-withheld rights. In assuming the title of Marquis of Atholston, he did not forget his esteemed friend Henry; and, at his desire, an ample establishment was secured to him, which he enjoyed with the woman of his choice. Lady Alexina, no longer withheld by the motives which had hitherto influenced her conduct, candidly acknowledged

acknowledged her affection for Osborne; and, with the sanction of all her family, became his affianced bride.

A few years released Margaretta from a tie which her heart had ever reluctantly accorded to. The wretched victim of ambition had but one lucid interval, and acknowledged his guilt: his last hours were soothed by the consolation of religion, and the pardon of those against whom he had transgressed. His death was an event little to be regretted; for the love and confidence of his family were destroyed by his own misconduct. Margaretta, solicited by her still faithful Grafton, gave him her hand as soon as the rules of propriety admitted; and Osborne on the same day was united to his beloved Alexina. Their early sufferings had been caused by the vices and errors of others; and their remaining days were crowned with well-merited happiness. In pious remembrance of their ill-fated friend Monmouth, an elegant monument was raised on the spot where he sacrificed his life in the cause of oppressed virtue; and at this sacred shrine they daily renewed their vows of love and fidelity, and bedewed his grave with tears of grateful affection.

THE IRRETRIEVABLE LOSS.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE tutor of a young French Nobleman, as he was playing at tennis one day, casting his eye on the racquet in his hand, saw some writing on the parchment that covered it, and having perused it with attention, found it to be part of one of the lost books of Livy. He immediately inquired for the racquet maker; but found, to his great mortification, that what he had seen, was the last remains of a collection of manuscripts, which were made up for racquets, and dispersed all over the kingdom.

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THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELLER.

[Concluded from page 312.]

"YOU may suppose, Sir, (continued Fanny Middleton,) that persons who lead a life of iniquity, are incapable of shame; but there are moments, I believe, when the most licentious feel their errors; and, if opportunity did but occur, would willingly be reclaimed. In those moments, Mr. Franklin, which I acknowledge were but transitory, I have often determined to make you acquainted with the real history of my life; but I was so delighted with the proofs you gave me of attachment, that I could not bear the thought of dashing the cup of happiness from my lips.

"The young man who passed himself off for my brother, was not any relation to me, but the natural son of Mrs. Orme; and he always accompanied me into the country, whenever I had any interested plans in view. To marry some *rich old man*, was a scheme which had long been in agitation. Mrs. Orme, and her son, readily promoted my wishes, as each had the promise of an ample reward; and at length I resolved to put an advertisement into the papers, which, to the best of my recollection, was to the following effect. 'A young lady, brought up under the prospect of possessing an independent fortune, has, by the sudden death of her father, been reduced to unexpected distress; and not wishing to become a burden to her relations, would be happy to enter into the matrimonial state. The dissipated manner in which the young men of the present age are educated, induces the advertiser to prefer a gentleman in years, whose enlightened conversation would improve her understanding, and whose tenderness would inspire love and gratitude in her heart. To such a companion she should with pleasure devote her time and attention; and if sickness assailed him, she would watch over him.

him with unremitting care; for, tenderly interested in his recovery, she should convert into a pleasure, any bodily fatigue.'

"Incredible as it may appear, there were no less than fifteen answers to this advertisement; but *one* amongst the number struck me with delight, as the writer of it informed me, if he approved my person, he was ready immediately to make me his wife. The others all required a reference, which I could not so very easily procure. My intended husband described his residence as being within five miles of Spalding, lamented that a fit of the gout rendered him incapable of coming to town, inclosed me a twenty pound note to defray the expences of my journey, and desired me to bring any friend with me whom I chose. Mrs. Orme being particularly engaged in London, Mrs. Benson readily consented to accompany me there; and my lover was so much delighted with my appearance, that he instantly ordered his attorney to prepare the marriage deeds. He introduced me to his servants as a young lady to whom he was guardian, but whom he intended in a short time to make his wife. The report soon spread through the country, and reached the ears of his intended heir. Alarmed at the idea of losing a fortune which he had long cherished the hope of enjoying, he set off for the seat of his relation in a post-chaise and four; but, dreadful to tell! a few hours before his arrival, an apoplectic fit had destroyed all my views!

"It was in vain that I called in medical assistance; the spirit of my antiquated lover, alas! had taken its flight. The settlements, it is true, were nearly completed; but, unfortunately for *me*, they were not signed. I sent for the lawyer; framed an excellent story, the purport of which was, that my fortune had been paid into my guardian's hands; but that, as our property was so soon to be blended together, I had imprudently omitted to take any receipts. I implored him,

him, therefore, to give me one in the name of his friend, and client, that I might be able to show it to the young heir. Whether this gentleman was really a man of principle, or whether I had not offered him a sufficient reward, is a circumstance of which I am ignorant, but my proposal was positively refused.

"Upon the arrival of the young heir, I played my part to admiration; and, in truth, I was deeply affected by the old man's death; but when I mentioned the fortune I had entrusted to him, his unfeeling successor actually laughed. I instantly wrote Mrs. Orme an account of my disappointment; and intreated her son to come to my aid. He obeyed the summons; and brought Jenkinson with him to personate his attorney, in the hope of terrifying the hopeful heir into terms. Unfortunately, however, amongst the old gentleman's papers, the advertisement was discovered; and a copy of the letter which he wrote to me, which, of course, put an end to my expectations, and the whole of my party were glad to decamp. The servants, however, were so much alarmed at the sudden death of their master, that not one of the number knew what they did; and even the old housekeeper, who was Precaution personified, forgot to take possession of his keys. In his writing-desk I had seen a very fine collection of bank-bills; and, to defray my travelling expences, I had luckily provided myself with a few. When I first met you, Mr. Franklin, I was returning from this curious excursion; and what happened to me afterwards I need not relate."

No longer did I take any interest in the fate of the abandoned Fanny Middleton. The gratitude which I owed Thompson, I felt to be unbounded: but for his interference, the future happiness of my life must have been destroyed; and I never so ardently wished for affluence, as to be able to prove the real sentiments of my heart. I had so much reason to be satisfied with that worthy fellow's conduct, that I candidly

didly made him acquainted with my uncle's designs; and he was as much delighted at the prospect of my becoming part of Mr. Clifton's family, as if some extraordinary piece of good fortune had happened to himself.

On the following morning, I received a letter from Mr. Sawbridge, informing me, that he had made every necessary arrangement for my reception into Mr. Clifton's house; or, I ought rather to have said, that I was for two years to assist him in the business, but to take lodgings for myself; and, at the expiration of that period, to be received as under partner in his important concern.

That some degree of intimacy must take place between myself and Miss Clifton, from my connection with her father, appeared very plain; and I resolved to take every opportunity in my power to ingratiate myself into her esteem.

The more I saw of Mr. Clifton, the stronger was my admiration of his character: his integrity was of the most rigid kind: he was an ornament to society; an honor to human nature; and in his conduct, religion and morality were most happily combined. His amiable daughter, by degrees, regained her tranquillity; for she had no idea of the treacherous part which the abandoned Dillon had played; or, in all probability, her innate ideas of female purity would have prevented her from acquiring composure of mind. Every action of my life displayed the strength of that attachment, which I found was too ardent to be concealed; and I had the happiness of perceiving that my attentions, so far from displeasing her, were received with evident symptoms of delight.

The kindness of my uncle was much greater than I could have expected: in every instance he treated me as if I had been his son; but the overtures I daily received from the object of his affection, were such, as required no small degree of resistance to withstand. Bound as I was to Mr. Sawbridge, by the ties of relationship

lationship and gratitude, I must have been lost to every sense of duty, to have done any thing to wound his peace; and he was so strongly attached to that artful young woman, that it would have been dangerous to attempt opening his eyes. Mr. Clifton, it is true, sometimes ventured to drop a few hints to the old gentleman; and once went so far as to say, that he doubted whether her professions of regard were sincere; and so highly was he offended by the suggestion, that for several weeks afterwards he never invited him to the house.

Susan, at length provoked by the coldness of my conduct, resolved to be revenged for the slight I had shewn to her charms; and, by some fabricated falsehood which she told to my uncle, excited in my bosom sensations of alarm. Instead of that warmth of reception with which he used to receive me, coldness and suspicion sat upon his brow; and when I entreated him to explain the motive of his conduct, the reply was, "*Ask your own heart.*" That a woman so loose in her principles, as the object of his affection, should remain true to a man of my uncle's age, did not appear to me a likely circumstance, particularly after the proofs of illicit fondness which she had shewn me. Had she not evidently injured me in the opinion of her protector, I should not have given myself any trouble to fathom the affair; but every hope of future happiness rested upon my uncle; as I resolved not to solicit the hand of Miss Clifton until I was certain of becoming a partner in her father's concerns. At the expiration of two years, my uncle had promised to advance three thousand pounds for me; but for the performance of this promise, he had merely passed his word; and as I had unfortunately lost both his confidence and his affection, on how slender a thread rested my hopes!

I had not forgotten Susan's agitation when first taxed with having written a letter to me, and I felt convinced some favorite lover enjoyed her correspondence,

pondence, and in all probability possessed her charms. The overbearing tyranny which she exercised over the servants, rendered her an object of their hatred and contempt; and even her poor mother, who had many years lived in my uncle's family, was treated by her with the most mortifying neglect. Though I did not like the idea of obtaining intelligence through this channel, yet it appeared to me the only one by which I had a chance to succeed; and as the foot-boy happened to be an arch little fellow, I resolved to endeavour to make the discovery through him.

I assured him I would endeavour to prevent his master from feeling any resentment towards him; promised to take him into my service, if I did not succeed, and was immediately entrusted with the important secret which I had taken so much pains to find out. The favored lover of this artful and abandoned young woman, was a gentleman who had the honor of serving the King; although his employment was not very dignified, for he was a corporal in the Life Guards. This man she had accidentally become acquainted with soon after her introduction into my uncle's family; and whenever she went out under pretence of seeing her mother, they met at a famous house of intrigue: and he likewise had the impudence to visit her privately two or three times a week.

To have mentioned these circumstances to Mr. Sawbridge, without procuring positive proof of their authenticity, I was persuaded would not answer the purpose I wished: I therefore desired Ned not to take any notice of what had passed between us, but merely deliver the first letter he received from either party into my hands. Three days elapsed without obtaining the wished-for confirmation of this unprincipled girl's guilt; but on the fourth morning one was brought to me, which even expressed more than I had ventured to expect.

With this positive proof of the fair Susan's infidelity, I instantly hastened to her antiquated swain; and Fortune seemed inclined to favor my wishes, for he invited me to stay, and dine; a piece of civility he had not shown me for the last five or six weeks. Wine is justly allowed to be the promoter of confidence; and after each had drank his bottle, my uncle called for a third. "Now, Franklin, (said he,) we will drink a bumper to the recovery of my little Susey's health; for I know not how it is, but the sweet dear creature for this long time past has not been well."

"Perhaps, Sir, (I replied,) she is going to make you a present. Should you not rejoice at having an heir?" "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear boy, I have my suspicions, something of that nature may be the cause of her complaints." "But have you any suspicion who is the father? (I enquired in a dry and sarcastic tone of voice;) for if you have not, and can be trusted with a secret, I think I could give you a piece of information which would excite some surprise." "Death and distraction! (he exclaimed, starting up from the table,) why do you presume, Sir, to say she is not with child by me? Zounds! this is more than I can submit to: you impudent rascal, get out of my sight." I stemmed this violent torrent with philosophic calmness; but positively refused to move; at the same time declaring, I had a letter in my pocket, which would convince him the being he had supposed immaculate, was depraved and untrue.

This declaration was scarcely made, when curiosity allayed his resentment, and he demanded a sight of the elegant scroll. "This is a mere trick, (said he,) of the dear girl's enemies, for never had poor creature so many before." I then related verbatim the conversation which passed between me and Edward; advised him to wait until Tuesday, without noticing what he had heard; and as the boy was acquainted with the place of rendezvous, I offered to accompany him

him there, for the purpose of discovering the intrigue.

"I will follow your advice, Franklin; though I see through the motive, (said my uncle, in a reproachful tone of voice:) for as the girl refused complying with your intreaties, you have verified the old observation, that love soon turns into hate. He then explained the reason of his having treated me with such coldness; for the artful girl had informed him I had endeavored to win her regard.

After mutual explanation having taken place between us, he promised not even to drop a hint of what had passed. The wished-for day arrived: Susan expressed a desire to see her mother; and, as was usual upon these occasions, requested a supply of cash. Having never been accustomed to refuse an application of that nature, to prevent all suspicion, my uncle unhesitatingly complied; and, conducted by the boy, in about an hour and a half, we followed her to this famous abode of iniquity and intrigue. Mr. Sawbridge was too much agitated to use much ceremony: he told the woman of the house he was persuaded the parties he wanted were there, offered her a guinea to conduct us to the apartment, and threatened to have her licence taken from her if she refused. She had discrimination enough to find, that but one part was left her; and this was, to make my uncle her friend. She therefore took the fee, and led us to the chamber, where we found the embarrassed Susan, and her lover, snug in the same bed.

To describe Mr. Sawbridge's indignation, would be impossible. The terrified son of Mars dropped upon his knees; for knowing my uncle was acquainted with the Colonel of his regiment, he expected ruin would be the consequence of his intrigue. This unprincipled girl I considered as beneath my resentment; and advised my uncle to insist upon the man's marrying her on the following day; and as she had so long been accustomed to the enjoyment of every

comfort, I persuaded him to allow her half-a-guinea a week. This sum, in addition to the pay of the corporal, I knew would procure her the necessaries of life: but this piece of liberality was merely conditional, for it was to be withdrawn if she did not make a good wife.

Completely established in the good opinion of my uncle, who openly avowed his intention of making me his heir, I thought myself at liberty to make proposals to Mr. Clifton, and, from his conduct, I had every reason to believe they would be favorably received.

"I know not, (said he,) Franklin, whether there is any dependence to be placed upon presentiments; yet, from the moment my beloved Caroline was restored to me, I cherished the pleasing idea of calling you my son; and this was the inducement I had for imparting her history to you. I fancied I read in your countenance symptoms of love at first sight; and I knew not how far her misfortunes might influence your feelings, or counteract the first impressions of regard."

Pretended must have been the delicacy of that man's feelings, who could have imputed the shadow of guilt to a being whose mind was truly chaste, and who had been unfortunately imposed upon by the specious artifices of a villain, that had broken through every law, both moral and divine. The expressive countenance of my beloved Caroline had told a truth too powerful for concealment; for, in spite of the reserve with which she treated me, I perceived tenderness in her eyes; and when I had obtained her father's permission to disclose my passion to her, she candidly avowed the real sentiments of her heart.

If ever human being enjoyed perfect happiness, that enviable situation for sixteen months was mine. I was blest with the society of a woman, whose cultivated understanding proved a never-failing source of intellectual delight. I had a share in a business which

which promised to produce affluence in the space of a few years; and I had a sweet patrimonial estate to retire to, with the wife of my bosom, and her infant son. The faithful Gregory I had again taken into my service. The time I spent in the country, was occupied by improving my little domain; and I was daily expecting an augmentation of felicity, by an additional claim upon my tenderness and regard.

The higher our enjoyments are, the more acutely we feel their deprivation. When misfortune assailed me, my happiness was at its height; and little was my mind prepared to encounter that calamity, which, like an overwhelming torrent, destroyed my domestic peace. My beloved Caroline was in that state which rendered her incapable of exertion; yet I had left her in high spirits, to make some improvement in my farm, and I had not been more than two hours absent from her, when Gregory came running towards me breathless with speed. His countenance told that which sensibility would not allow him to articulate. "My poor mistress!" was all the attached creature could say. I was so completely unnerved by terror and apprehension, that I actually felt transfixed to the place.

Recovering myself a little, I demanded the cause of his agitation; but almost incoherent was the poor fellow's tale. I learned, however, that, soon after my departure, a woman, dressed as a mendicant, came to the door, and, exhausted by disease and exertion, solicited permission to lie down in the barn. My Caroline not only readily granted permission, but prepared some refreshment with her own hands; and conveying it herself, heard a story from the stranger, which agitated her so violently, as to produce a succession of fits; and Gregory having first procured medical assistance, then came in search of me.

I ran, or rather flew, upon the wings of affection. The dear, exhausted angel had fallen into a gentle sleep; but Mr. Cowley (which was the name of the

surgeon) informed me, the symptoms, upon his first arrival, were alarming to a degree. The wretched mendicant appeared to me to be actually expiring: her eyes were sunk in their sockets; her breathing was laboured, and short; she was imploring mercy from Heaven, whom she had so frequently offended; and at the close of every ejaculation, she uttered a piercing groan.

"In the name of that Being whose pardon you are imploring, tell me (said I) whom, and what you are? How can *your* sorrows have thus affected my poor Caroline? And how is it, that your misfortunes have wounded her gentle heart?" "I am a wretch, (replied she,) who was born to prove the destruction of her happiness; but in this last instance, I assure you, it has been my misfortune, not my crime. I asked charity at the door, without knowing who was the mistress; but when your Caroline came to offer consolation to me, I recognized Dillon's injured wife!

"Believing she was acquainted with every circumstance of his history, I besought her forgiveness for the deceptious part I had played, and incautiously mentioned his former marriage, which produced an agitation it would be impossible to describe.

"Destitute of all support, and exhausted by bodily sufferings, the account I heared of your lady's benevolence, induced me to apply for aid; but little did I expect to find in her, my lovely, injured pupil, whom I had formerly so cruelly deceived."

It was with difficulty this ill-fated woman explained the cause of my poor Caroline's agitation; and, at the close of her narration, I actually thought her dead: however, I summoned my servants to her assistance, and ordered them to remove her into one of their beds. The sleep of my angel was short, and agitated; and she awoke to feel the return of excruciating pain. I was sitting by her bed-side; and the moment she perceived me, she exclaimed, "You will hate, you will renounce, you will despise, your wretched

wretched wife!" "Wound not my heart by such unjust apprehensions! Oh, my beloved, you are the pride of my life. Every circumstance respecting Dillon's conduct has long been known to me, and it was by that knowledge that my love and tenderness were increased."

"Unexpected proof of delicate affection! (said the suffering angel, bursting into tears.) Oh, my Franklin, may the Almighty in mercy lengthen my existence, that I may have the power of proving the unbounded gratitude of my heart."

Mr. Cowley desired me to retire; asssuring me that every thing depended upon the mind of his patient being kept quite composed. If the anguish of the mind can be compared to bodily sufferings, I may be said to have endured the rack, until my Caroline presented me with a lovely little girl. The extacy I felt may be imagined: it was a bliss which language never can describe. But transitory was the delight; for the physician informed me, he feared it was beyond his skill to preserve my adored wife.

At this overwhelming intelligence I raved like a madman; and sent half over the country to procure fresh advice. But the blow was already struck; for, alas! all human assistance proved vain. Sensible of her situation, yet perfectly collected, the expiring angel endeavoured to fortify my mind, recommended to my care her two little innocents, and besought me to cherish both, if I valued her peace. "We shall meet, my beloved, (said she,) never again to be separated; yet, for the sake of my unprotected children, I hope that period is not near. You will supply to them the loss of their mother, for well do I know the tenderness of your heart. Happiness like ours, we ought not to have expected could have been permanent; it was too exquisite, too delicately refined; it was, in short, far greater than what I merited; for filial disobedience is generally punished in this life. Even when I believed myself the lawful wife of Dillon, how

how many hours of remorse did I feel! But when told that I had merely been an object of illicit passion, what sensations of horror then agitated my mind!"

In reflections like these, and in intreating the pardon of her errors, my beloved Caroline passed the few remaining hours of her life. I received her last breath; I felt the last pulsation of a heart pure from every species of guilt. To the care of my Caroline's children, I resolved to devote all my attention, and for their sakes have terminated my travels.

THE VISIT TO MARGERY.

THE sun had just risen above the horizon, and tipped with golden lustre the surrounding hills, when, on a fine May morning, the young and blooming daughters of the good and venerable Baron de Grey issued from the Castle gates, to take their usual morning ramble. Health spread her rosy mantle over the cheeks of the fair wanderers. Helen, the eldest, had lately attained her eighteenth year: benevolence beamed in her mild blue eyes, whilst dignity and grace were blended in her elegant form. Rosa, her younger by a twelvemonth, was a perfect Hebe: in her sparkling black eyes you might read the playful gaiety of her heart; and in her dimpled cheeks a thousand Cupids lurked. The beauteous sisters were dressed alike in muslin robes, of the finest texture, and purest white: a chip hat, tied negligently on with a pale pink handkerchief, shaded their lovely features; whilst the flaxen locks of Helen, and the glossy dark chesnut tresses of her sister, waved in graceful ringlets over their foreheads, or sported in the wanton gale. Arm in arm they lightly tripped along the spacious park, and soon reached the

the lodge. The hoary porter, grown grey in his Lord's service, flung wide the gate, bowed low, and blessed them as they passed. "Thanks, honest Peter," exclaimed the sisters. "We are going to Margery's cottage," added Helen, "and shall not return for some hours. Retire, therefore, to rest again, my worthy friend: sorry we are for disturbing you thus early." The old man once more bent in lowly reverence to them: his full heart would not allow him to speak: but casting up his eyes to Heaven, he again implored a benediction on the beloved children of his revered Lord: then tottering to his peaceful couch, sunk for a short time into a sweet, secure repose; the sure attendant of a guiltless mind. Meanwhile, Helen and Rosa pursued their way over daisy-sprinkled meadows, and at length arrived at the lane which led to Margery's humble dwelling, who had already risen, and placed her small apartment in the neatest order. Margery had formerly lived in the Baron's service, was a great favorite with the late Baroness, had nursed her in her last illness, and when death deprived her of her valued mistress, she transferred the love she bore her to the lovely unconscious orphans, who were then too young to feel a mother's loss. From the great affection the children seemed to bear towards her, and the tender solicitude with which she watched over them and administered to their little wants and pleasures, the Baron de Grey retained her in the family many years after the death of his much-lamented Lady, when marrying a farmer in the neighbourhood, she quitted the Castle; though not without regret, in leaving her young charge, who, with torrents of tears, bewailed the separation from their dear nurse, as they always called her. Margery and her husband had both past the meridian of their days before they were united. Not long had they enjoyed the comforts of each other's society, when death snatched away her husband, whose loss she never ceased to mourn. The

Baron

Baron offered to take her again into the Castle; but the bustle which generally prevailed there, suited not with her declining health, and advanced age; she therefore, with humble gratitude, declined his generous offer. However, the Baron insisted on her occupying a small cottage of his, situated on the verge of his estate: this Margery could not refuse; and having disposed of her farm, which, since the loss of her partner, had become irksome to her, she, with a young girl, whom she kept to do the more laborious part of the work, and one favorite cow, retired to the spot where she hoped, ere long, to end her days. Hither would the charming sisters often rove, and listen, with delight, to the aged Margery, who would tell them long stories of ancient times, and dwell particularly on the excellencies and virtues of the departed Baroness. "In you, my dear Lady Helen, (she would often say,) I can trace your lovely mother: your softened smile, and the sweet harmony of your voice, recalls her to my mind; and I could almost fancy her image now before me." Thus would she oft beguile her fair auditors of their tears, and make them sigh with deep regret, that they had never known so amiable a parent. But, to return; Margery no sooner perceived them from the casement, than she hobbled, as fast as her infirmities would admit, to the door. "Welcome, my dearest young ladies, (exclaimed the venerable dame;) I need not enquire after your healths; for the charming glow on your sweet faces, tells me you are well." "That we are, indeed; quite well, my good Margery, (said the lively Rosa.) But how are you? I flatter myself, by your looks, that you will yet dance at Helen's wedding." "And why not at yours also, Rosa?" "Oh, because that may never happen! Could I but copy your pleasing manners, my dear sister, I should have some hopes: but who would think of confining themselves to such a giddy trifler as I am? "Flattering girl," said Helen, tapping her

her cheek as they passed on to the little parlour, and seated themselves in the low wicker chairs that were placed round the room. "Now pray, my dear nurse, be seated, (resumed Rosa,) or we positively will leave you this instant. We know your enfeebled limbs require rest, and wish you to wave all useless ceremony with us." "My sweet good young ladies, (replied the poor old woman, as she placed herself in the easy chair which Rosa had flown to reach her,) how kind and attentive you always are to your old servant!" "And so we ought to be, my good friend, (said Helen, pressing her withered hand:) were not you so to us when we were helpless, and needed it; and ought we not to return the attention you paid us, now we are able?" "Alack! Alack! (cried Margery, the tears trickling down her wrinkled cheeks,) never can I repay the goodness you heap upon me." "That you can directly, (said Rosa,) by being chearful, and giving me a small slice of your nice brown bread, with a cup of your new milk; for I declare the fresh morning breeze has awakened my appetite. How is yours, Helen?" "Not quite so keen as yours, my dear Rosa, (said Helen, smiling:) though I confess a cup of milk would not be unacceptable. You shall not move, my good Margery, (for she was attempting to rise:) Cicily can attend on us; and we shall enjoy it the more, if we see you comfortable." "Dear emblem of my saint'd Lady! (ejaculated Margery;) just so would she talk, just so would sweetly smile. She ever feared to give trouble; and would ask as a favor, what she might have commanded. Blessed spirit! if it is permitted thee to view from heaven the abode of mortals, look down, and see thy virtues reflected in thy children; and bless, O bless them!" The pearly drops trembled in the eyes, and chased each other down the cheeks of Helen and Rosa, at this apostrophe of Margery's to their departed parent. Cicily, just then entering with the milk and bread, gave a turn to thoughts

which were becoming too painful: they struggled to recover their serenity, and in a short time succeeded. Having finished their homely, but sweet repast, and listened awhile to Margery's "*simple tales,*" they arose to go. Margery arose likewise, and seizing a hand of each, respectfully raised them to her lips. "Heaven bless you, my dear nurse." "Farewell, my good Margery; (exclaimed the fair sisters as they stept over the threshold;) we will very soon see you again." They then bent their steps homeward; and entered the Park just as the clock from the Castle struck seven. The Porter was at the gate. "We have made a long stay, Peter, (said Rosa;) but we generally do when we visit Margery. Good morning:" and, with a condescending nod, they retraced their steps across the Park; and entering the Castle, met the Baron (who had just risen) in the saloon. After saluting him, they related to him their morning's excursion. The good old Lord hung on their words with fond attention, and having embraced them, led them to the Breakfast Room, where, seated between his lovely offspring, he felt, though heaven had deprived him of his beloved wife, he still had blessings left in his charming, duteous children; in whose affectionate endearments he could pass serenely through the vale of life, and sink, without a pang, into the silent tomb.

SUSAN.

ON SLANDER.

AGAINST Slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a foe: it stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile: it is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid: it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin: it is the poisoned arrow, whose wound is incurable: it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder: murder is its employment: innocence its prey—and ruin its sport.

CONTENTMENT THE ATTAINMENT OF HAPPINESS:

A TALE.

HOW weak is man! He seeks the gratification of his wishes, and when they are fulfilled, he finds that the attainment is not sufficient to ensure him happiness: novelty for a while may please his roving fancy, but his soul still hankers after some unknown good. In the pursuit of a favorite object, the fancy roves in the mazes of pleasing expectation; magnifies any beauties it may possess, and forms imaginary ones; yet, alas! with possession comes satiety; he for the moment sees no fresh pleasure in view; finds the one he has gained fall far short of his expectations; and he remains in a state of misery, until some fresh object attracts his attention: he then engages again with ardour in the pursuit, until he is arrested in his career by disappointment.

In one of the most fertile vales of the kingdom of Persia, dwelt Albira and his son Alcestes. Though each day the revolving sun saw cheerfulness imprinted on their coutenances, yet they had their own labour alone to supply the wants of the morrow. As their little flock cropped the herbage of the plain, or strayed up the sides of the hills, Alcestes, with his pipe, would try to dispel the gloom that, in spite of his efforts, would sometimes settle on the brow of his father, at the recollection of the scenes of his youth.

Early in life he had mixed with the gay world; prosperity smiled upon him; he therefore had many friends; and often had they occasion to express their thanks to him for his generosity: but when he in turn, by unforeseen misfortunes, stood in need of their assistance, they behaved to him with such cold indifference, as would have wounded a less susceptible heart than that which beat within the bosom of Al-

bira. By his experience he was well qualified as an instructor to his son: he pointed out the path of rectitude for his observance, and held up a variety of examples of virtue for his imitation. Vice he likewise faithfully depicted, and exhibited both in such colours, as could not fail to make him revere the one, and detest the other.

Thus early initiated into the love of virtue, he possessed that blest serenity of soul that forms the basis of every enjoyment. He never knew a wish ungratified, because they were small; nor ever strayed beyond the boundaries of the valley. To him his pipe was a constant companion, while he tended his flock through the day; and in the evening, he sat with pleasure to hear the instructions of his father. Each morn, as he rose with the sun, he prostrated himself to that bright luminary of the world, requesting it would shine propitious on his labour through the day; and when at eve it was fast sinking behind the hills, he again bent his knee to the god of the Persians. At any feast of rural merriment, he was always first to join the happy throng: the swains rejoiced when he appeared; and the virgins, by a variety of little arts, tried to vie with each other in attracting the notice of the favorite youth. In these simple forms appeared happiness to the youthful Alcestes; until one evening, as he was returning home, he observed a youth at some distance stretched on the ground, and groaning in great agony. He approached, and, with a sympathizing look and voice, inquired the cause. The youth, with difficulty, informed him, that he had been hunting with a party of friends, from whom, about an hour ago, he had been separated; and as he found night coming on, he had determined to take up his abode, till the morning, at one of the neighbouring cottages; and was accordingly proceeding on his way thither, when his horse's footing gave way, and he was hurried, by the accident, with great velocity down the hill, by which

which he was severely bruised. He then requested Alcestes would remove him to some place where he might have proper attendance; concluding with a promise of reward for his services. Alcestes stood in need of no appeal to awaken his humanity to an unfortunate stranger: his father's roof had ever been a shelter to the unfortunate in whatever condition; and even the traveller, whom chance directed to the cottage of Albira, never crossed the threshold to pursue his journey, till he had witnessed the hospitality of its owner. He therefore with haste procured the proper assistance to convey him to his father's dwelling, who, on their arrival, praised his son for his humanity, and assisted the stranger to the utmost of his power. By the kind attentions of his host, he appeared to recover daily, and was, in a short time, in a condition to return to his friends. Alcestes, during his confinement, had constantly attended by the side of his couch, to supply his wants; and Hasher, (the name of the youth,) to enliven the solitary hours he spent with him, would relate the various pleasures of the capital. Alcestes, by degrees, lost the relish for his usual amusements, and longed to be a partaker of the delights which were depictured to him in such glowing colours. Hasher repeated the description; Alcestes listened with eagerness: each time it was recited, he saw some fresh pleasure present itself. He compared Hasher's appearance with his own: his magnificence now, for the first time, excited his envy. "I toil (exclaimed he) from the rising to the setting of the sun, and receive for my labour a bare subsistence; while Hasher is crowned with every blessing the world can bestow, or mortal can wish. Surely my father, when he represented the pleasures of the great world in so different a light, was actuated more by disappointment, or the malevolence of age, than a regard to truth." Hasher was now about to depart, but first expressed his thanks to Albira, and his son, for their kind at-

tentions to him; and, as a return for the favors he had received, requested that the latter might accompany him to the court of the Persian monarch, where he would be certain of meeting the reward of virtue. Delighted at the proposal, Alcestes requested his father's permission to accede to it; but he as strenuously opposed it. "My son, (said the venerable man,) it has ever been my care to instil into your mind, from your infancy, a love for this peaceful retirement. I wish not to debar you of any rational pleasures that youth in general partakes of; but whatever can be conducive to your happiness, is to be found in this valley. In courts every species of vice lurks under the enticing form of pleasure; the unwary youth is lured to join in the throng of dissipation, and too late finds his error: he then plunges into fresh pleasures, to avoid the stings of a guilty conscience. The lessons of virtue I have endeavoured to instil into your mind, I should hope, would be proof against the enticements of vice; but youth, ever vainly bold in imagined strength, ventures too far to recede." Whatever arguments he urged to dissuade his son from quitting him were ineffectual; the prospect of happiness before him was too pleasing to be relinquished; yet his bosom was torn by contending passions. He loved his father, and could not bear to quit him without receiving his blessing. But again he thought he should soon be able to return, and amply compensate him for any uneasiness he might experience on his account, by placing him above the grasp of poverty. This idea in a great measure banished the former, and he rose cheerful the next morning, and with Hasher pursued his course to Ispahan; but the night was far advanced before their journey was completed.

The next day he was agreeably amused by the variety of objects that presented themselves; objects that were entirely new to him: the magnificence of the houses, the crowds of people that thronged the streets,

streets, the richness of their apparel, were equal causes of astonishment. Finery appeared their predominant passion; even the architects seemed to have considered attracting the eye of the observer in the houses, more than the convenience of those who were to inhabit them. The Sophi passed—he gazed with wonder at the richness of his retinue, and at the cringing crowd prostrating themselves in the dust.

The next day he was introduced to the acquaintance of some of Hasher's friends, and by them treated with the most flattering attentions: every delicacy of the East was prepared for the gratification of his appetite. During the repast, his ears were charmed with melody; and at night he sunk to repose on a bed of down. Each day he joined the youth in their pleasures; but it was always the same scene of voluptuousness: his appetite palled by the repetition; he was disgusted: he sought solitude; but there, remorse stung his conscience. He mixed among the old men, in hopes of hearing wisdom; but they were engaged in equally frivolous pursuits. His sight was weary with gaudy shows; the delicacies that were before him could not tempt his sickened appetite; music itself had lost its charms, when removed from the romantic scenes where he was wont to court it; and sleep refused its kind aid in affording happiness to the unfortunate Alcestes.

Reflection came at last; repentance and mortification ensued; but he was not deterred from regaining the path from which he had strayed. True repentance makes the unhappy man meet shame rather as an atonement for his offences, than as a common evil of life. Such was the case with Alcestes: he resolved to quit those scenes, that had alone afforded him misery and disappointment; to seek forgiveness of an offended parent; and, by a conduct in future guided by his precepts, endeavour to erase from his mind, any idea that he had ever acted contrary to them. He therefore did adieu to his friends at Ispa-

han, and was once more seated in the peaceful habitation of his father.

"The will of Providence is indisputable, (exclaimed the old man.) There are various degrees of happiness in this life; but he alone is certain to ensure it perfect to himself, who, contented in the situation he is placed, seeks not to discover how his neighbour is blessed. Happiness is placed within the reach of man in every condition; and the attainment consists alone in enjoying with gratitude, what Providence has blessed us with."

CLERMONT.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

FINDING you insert in your Museum, any communication, which may tend to the advancement of virtue, I have taken the liberty of submitting to the perusal of your readers, the following circumstances and reflections.

A bad state of health led me, a short time since, to visit a fashionable watering-place, for the benefit of air and exercise: the scene was entirly new to me, as I seldom travelled beyond the limits of my native town: I was consequently but little acquainted with the *fashion and folly of the day:* however, it would seem that these subjects were now about to be submitted to my reflection. On taking my seat at the public table on the first day of my arrival, my attention was forcibly arrested by the *fashionable display* of a young lady's person who sat opposite. A bosom *scarcely* covered! *Little* or no sleeves!—and an air of negligence, (perhaps I might say *nonchalance,)* were well calculated to excite the feelings of a young man: and though illness might be said to have damped the fire of youth, I still found I was sufficiently under its influence, to be *dazzled for the moment* with a display of charms which were *not* confined to the young lady I first alluded to. Being accustomed to that *sobriety* of attire (if I may so express myself) which has now nearly vanished

in

in the vortex of luxury and dissipation, the novelty entirely deprived me of my appetite and my dinner. Nor did my astonishment decrease, when it beheld the *short petticoat,* (the ladies will excuse me, I trust, if I have made use of a wrong expression here, for, I assure you, Mr. Editor, I was puzzled to know whether they were, or were not, petticoats *properly so called:*)—So thin!—so semi-transparent!—so well calculated for the display of features in their native *Contour!* Add to these insignia of refined taste, a Color, which so closely vied with Nature in one part of the dress, that a person at a distance would suppose some abstruse meditation had so completely occupied the mind of the lady, that she had forgot to put on her stockings!

If we may believe our forefathers, delicacy and modesty are those qualities which give *permanent* lustre and influence to the female character. The present fashion is only calculated to rivet the eye. It cannot create *respect* even in an unmarried man, and will give rise to contempt in a married one; at least in those who esteem modesty as one of those ornaments which are strongly characteristic of the *purity* of the mind. Surely my fair countrywomen are not aware of the influence they possess in stamping the opinions of the men of the present day. A deportment at once dignified and modest, equally distant from the austerity of a prude, and the negligent indelicacy of a *Fashionable Elegante,* combined with affability tempered with that reserve which commands respect, will at all times meet with the attention, admiration and esteem of men of sense. The present very *liberal display* only subjects the fair sex to indifference; or, if it should attract attention, it will be in those who are incompetent to distinguish between the graces of the person and the beauties of the mind. I am sorry to observe there seems at present a universal bias to copy the manners of a neighbouring nation. This is, indeed, one of the greatest "*Follies of the Day,*" as their most prominent features are *political depravity, and moral turpitude.*

HERMSPRONG.

DELORAINE,

A FRAGMENT.

DELORAINE and Percival were happy in each other's confidence. They were both young, but a course of genuine friendship seasoned their mutual attachment. Deloraine was of a temper mild and deliberate; usually in high spirits, when gliding through life with uninterrupted pleasures; but obstacles, (frequently of a very trifling tendency,) would, on the contrary, have had the effect of involving him in melancholy. Percival was of that disposition, which, if not altogether commendable, reflected no disgrace on him as a man. Each relied on his friend's fidelity, and never was either of them deceived. It happened one evening when they met, that Percival observed in his friend, a degree of pensiveness, which, even in his greatest trials of what he called calamities, he had never before witnessed. He inquired the cause of his discontent, and why, for several evenings, he had been so thoughtful. Deloraine answered with a sigh, "that he was as well as usual." "I fear you are not, (said Percival.) I am sure something has befallen you. If I have any place in your esteem, open to me your grief, and say in what manner I can serve you." "Alas! you cannot serve me," replied he. "Deloraine, (said Percival,) how have I proved myself unworthy of your confidence, that you hide from me the cause of your sadness? Do you suspect me of infidelity? You call me your friend: if I am worthy that title, supply me with means to add a gem to its embellishment, by making me acquainted with your woe." "Friendship (replied Deloraine) embellishes itself. You are my friend, but you cannot redress me."

All the intreaties, and protestations of secrecy, which Percival was master of, could not prevail on Deloraine to divulge his grief. He seemed rather to

clude the conversation, and, with an absent air, made an embarrassed apology for leaving him. They parted for the evening.

The night was serene; unclouded the sun had left the horizon, and a blackbird, on a distant tree, seemed to lament his departure. Percival strayed in the fields, viewing the picture of nature with a mixture of awe and delight. He saw his neighbour's flock in a field. "Yonder (says he) the fleecy tribe browses in peace, and man is unhappy. Surely innocence must be the grand"——! Here he crossed a stile, leading into the field where the sheep depastured. He had no sooner got over, than they all stared upon him, and immediately ran off. "Why do they fly me? (said he:) Am I a monster?—Yes, I am a man—That was sufficient reason. Oh, mortal, blush for thyself—blush for thy fellows, whose brutal violation of humanity justifies their fear. I said they browsed in peace—they did, until I broke it. I am sorry it happened—Yet they need not have feared me. Poor innocent things, I would not hurt you." He walked on, immersed in thought, till he came to a rocky glen, covered with wood. A rivulet ran winding through the rocks. He placed himself in view of a rich landscape, whereon the sun yielded his departing rays. He drew from his pocket "*Hervey's Meditations.*" The sound of a distant fall of water, and the pleasant bubbling of the stream where he lay, added to the solemn effect of the book. He had no thoughts of yet quitting this spot, where he found his mind so enchantingly occupied; he seemed lost with intentness, when a thrush broke the silence of the wood, in a tone rather uncommon. He listened to hear it continued, but all was silent. He thought it strange, and resumed his studies. He had not continued long, till he heard a voice, crying, "Sophia, I hear thee; speak on." He rose with a heart melting in sympathy: he directed his steps to the place whence it proceeded, and

again

again distinctly heard, "She denies me—It was her voice." He had not gone far, till he saw a youth sitting on the brink of a precipice, where the high fall of water formed a rugged pool. He seemed wild and furious; and, without seeing Percival, ran over the rocks with ungoverned rage, exclaiming, "I will find her." Percival, in whose mind no doubt remained, that the youth had intended self-destruction, hastened his steps, to save a life, which he then thought himself appointed to prolong. He ranged through the rocks; he traversed every winding of the glen with impatience: he could not find the stranger. He returned to the pool where he first found him: nothing was there, but his handkerchief. "Good Heavens! (cried he,) has he done it?" He fixed his eyes in the water, when imagination formed to him the stranger wrestling in its foaming bed. He was on the point of precipitating himself into the water. At that instant he heard the same voice. The youth was rushing through the rocks, exclaiming, "Death, I'm thine." When he saw Percival, he started back. His eyes rolled. "You dare not say it was not her voice, (said he, wildly.) Did you say she was dead? You are a devil." "Gods! (cried Percival,) who do I see? Deloraine!—my friend—my companion! What poisonous ingredient of fortune has wrought this?" Deloraine gazed in the sky: "Look at yon light, (said he;) 'tis her in heaven. Sophia, I come." He made a spring to cast himself into the water. Percival held him. He stared furiously. "Terrible instruments, (cried he,) you shall not hinder me;" still gazing in the sky. "Merciful Gods! (said Percival,) restore his senses. Deloraine, speak to Percival: speak to thy friend." "Look—look at them, (cried the deranged youth;) look at yon dreadful sword: I mind it not, (continued he.) See the flaming arrows round Sophia. They deny me to meet her—They shall not." He made another attempt, which Percival prevented. He seemed calm for a moment.

moment. "Am I in hell? (resumed he.) Are you a devil?" fixing his eyes on Percival, who took the handkerchief he found on the rocks, with the intent of binding up his head; but it seemed moist. Deloraine snatched it, and, with increased madness, directed his eyes to heaven, holding out the handkerchief in his hand. He seemed fixed on an object: "She is gone," said he. His eyes wandered dreadfully, while he again exclaimed, "She is gone." Percival used every means to bring him to himself; and for a time he continued calm. "Did you know Sophia?" said he, in a tone of affliction. "I thought she had been still living. You said she was dead—That was a hard word. I did not think you could have said so.—I know you—You are—Yes, I know you." He laid his hand upon his brow. "I am not well," said he. "Let us go home, (said Percival:) rest will make you better." "Have you rest for me? (said Deloraine.) You are kind—very kind—but you have no rest for me." His countenance changed, and again he betrayed symptoms of madness. He pointed to the sky for some time, without speaking. Soon every nerve seemed in motion; his blood boiled in his veins; his whole frame seemed racked to the soul; and in a voice, scarce human, he bellowed out, "She waves me—I come." His fury was ungovernable; he burst from Percival with more than human strength. He drew a dagger from his breast, and thrice, with impetuous violence, stabbed himself.

Percival was motionless—A cloud of horror froze his senses—His limbs trembled—He gazed on the agonized body of Deloraine; and when he saw the blood of his friend crimsoning the rocks, in anguish he turned from the scene. "Gracious Heaven! (said he,) look down, and pity mortality."

F——.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF A MOOR.

A SPANISH cavalier, without any reasonable provocation, assassinated a Moorish gentleman, and instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden; and the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in his summer-house, and left him, with an assurance, that when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours after, the dead body of his son was brought to him; and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier: 'Christian,' said he, 'the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy.' He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules, 'Fly,' said he, 'whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood: but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him.'

ON FEMALE EMPLOYMENTS.

IT may appear unnecessary to trouble our readers with any remarks on the justice and propriety of restoring to women, those employments which decency and moral fitness seem to have exclusively marked for their own. To men, the extended commerce, and encreased manufactures, the unbounded enterprise, and unrivalled prosperity, of Britain, will supply countless occupations, adapted to every turn of mind, and to every shade and gradation of talent. At the present crisis, and probably for some years to come, the strength and vigour of every male arm will be wanted for the defence and protection of our envied country. To women, there can be opened at best, but a limited scope of action; and it is to the benefit of all, looking to the encrease of the general fund, that they should not be precluded from contributing their portion of productive industry. Not merely the husband, the father, the brother, are interested in their possessing the means of employment, but the community at large; every member of society must feel the benefit of so great an addition to national produce, and moral virtue.

Is charity the object?—Reason and practical experience will demonstrate, that, to enable a few individuals to live by the exertions of industry, and to preserve them from vice and indigence, is an act of greater and more useful charity, than to feed thousands in gratuitous idleness. The operation is in itself more easy; and the effect once produced, the labour ceases, and only the pleasure and gratification remain.

These are general motives, applicable to every period and region of the world; but they must have ten-fold weight in the British Empire at the present moment. A pestilential disease, of the most malignant nature, has corrupted the morals and mental sanity of a large portion of Europe. In order to

exclude the infection, some line of demarcation is necessary to be drawn between Britain and the infected regions; and, if more cannot be done, at least that sex, to whose early care and instruction we owe the virtuous impressions of the infantine and youthful age, should be preserved pure and immaculate; so as to be rendered the instruments of health and safety to others, whom curiosity, or inattention, may have exposed to the contagion.

If we will take the trouble to compare the moral and religious state of England with that of France and Italy, and to appreciate the *probable* character of masters imported from either of those countries, we can judge how far it can be wise and judicious, or even fit and decent, that the instruction of our sisters and daughters, in music, drawing, French, and the variety of crowded and incumbered accomplishments, which now make essential parts of female education in every rank and station of life, should be intrusted to such adventurers, tinctured, as many of them must be, with foreign habits and vice; and this, too, of young women in the bloom of youth, at the period when the female character is to be formed, and when every exertion ought to be made to fix *the eternal and unvaried principles of religion and virtue indelibly on the mind*. Those who have had any opportunity of appreciating the superior degree of taste, talent, refinement of feeling, and sympathy of character, which many English women possess, may correctly ascertain, whether they are by nature unfitted to communicate instruction to their own sex, and how far the employment of *foreign men* for the education of *English women*, is a necessary incorrigible evil.

The personal attendance of *male* hair-dressers, shoe-makers and stay-makers, in the dressing-rooms and private apartments of our fair country-women, has been frequently noticed; not only as indecorous, but as derogatory to the character and intrinsic purity of the sex. It should seem natural for female deli-

cacy to accept as an attendant at the toilet, the assistance of a virtuous and well-educated English woman, in preference to men unknown, unaccredited, and no otherwise recommended, than by having been imported from the shores of France or Italy. It should also seem natural for ladies who feel what is due, either to their own character, or to the unprotected of their own sex, to desire to frequent those shops only from whence the employment and assistance of women are not entirely excluded; and to avoid those where they are.

In the execution of the proposed plan, it is of great importance for those ladies, whose talents and discretion will direct the efforts of their benevolent coadjutors, to caution them not to attempt too many, or too extensive objects; an attempt which may excite the jealousy and hostility of some, who might otherwise have been disposed to have given, not merely their wishes, but their aid, to the attainment of proper and practicable objects. If, without carrying the war into the aggressor's country, the fair sex can only regain the territory which has been wrested from them; or (to drop the metaphor) if, without interfering in any occupation which properly belongs to men, they can resume those which do peculiarly and exclusively appertain to their own sex; those which public morals and female decency require to be in the hands of women, and which the candour and good sense of every unprejudiced man would admit to be proper for women only; and if to this they can add, for the benefit of the ignorant and unprotected of their own sex, such a degree of education as may make them useful to themselves and to society, and may impress them with the principles of religion and moral truth; millions, who might otherwise have sunk in misery and vice, will live innocent and happy; will live to commemorate the virtues, and record the names, of their benefactresses, as the friends, not only of their country, but of the human race.

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Dr. H.'s view of the proper conduct during the periods of nursing and weaning, agrees very nearly with that of Dr. Buchan on the same subject, which we have noticed in the preceding article. We have only therefore to express our hopes that the creditable exertions of this author, and of others who strenuously contend against those prejudices which still maintain their ground respecting the management of infants, may prove successful.

Monthly Review.

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of modern tourists, Miss W. has, with great discernment and felicity, compressed into one volume, the principal circumstances worthy of note, which are diffused over so large a field in other treatises. A very neat coloured map, and drawn, considering the price of the volume, on a larger scale than could have been expected, is prefixed; and it contributes to render this work, as the fair author expresses a hope that it may be found, a very valuable addition to a juvenile library. A similar tour through the metropolis of England is promised by Miss W. as a sequel to this undertaking; and we shall be happy in having another opportunity of introducing to our readers the journal of so attentive and judicious a tourist. *Monthly Review.*

An Essay, medical, philosophical, and chemical, on Drunkenness, and its Effects on the Human Body. By Thomas Trotter, M. D. late Physician to the Fleet, &c. 8vo. pp. 203. 5s.

This treatise, undoubtedly, reflects much credit upon its author; and we sincerely hope it may operate as a check upon persons who, without being aware of the consequences, imperceptibly fall into the habit of intemperance. Of the philanthropic intentions of the writer, no doubt can be entertained; yet he must allow us to say, that he has introduced too much colouring; that he writes too much in the character of one who views only the worst side of the subject; that he has not at all times sufficiently discriminated between the use and abuse of wine, and other fermented liquors; that he has not made due allowances for difference of climate, and difference of constitution; and that, impressed with the idea of its pernicious influence, he has almost prohibited even an occasional and moderate enjoyment of *that* which, properly used, may exhilarate without injury, is in some instances beneficial, and, like other indulgencies of the table, becomes pernicious only by indiscreet or vicious excess. *British Critic.*

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the pen of Mrs. Trimmer, or Mrs. West, and probably comes, (can we say more in its favour?) from the pen of some such friend to virtue and religion. *British Critic.*

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This

This work, which we approved at its first appearance (see Brit. Crit. vol. xxii. p. 329) continues to merit support and commendation. The substance of it consists, according to the original plan, of extracts from the publications of the year; but so selected and arranged, as to form an interesting and entertaining miscellany. But, besides this, which occupies of course the larger part of the volume, there is a well-digested and well-written Introduction, in which the works and authors noticed in the book are characterized with spirit and propriety.

British Critic.

Village Scenes, and other Poems. By T. Bachelor. 12*mo.* 4*s.*

This lively and descriptive collection of poems is creditable to the talents of the writer, who, we understand, is a very young man. They exhibit instances of intellect, and vigour of thought, which, when matured by judgment, promise fame and profit to the ingenious author. *Monthly Mirror.*

A Tour through some of the Southern Counties of England. By Peregrine Project and Timothy Type. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Having ourselves taken this tour, not, perhaps, with the same inquisitive and satirical turn as our friends *Peregrine Project* and *Timothy Type*, still we are enabled to speak with confidence of its accuracy, even if it had not been intended as a lampoon upon modern tourists. On our journey, we had not, however, the good fortune to be accompanied by friends so lively and entertaining as these are. *Monthly Mirror.*

Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge. Small 8*vo.* 5*s. Boards.*

These letters, though slight, written on the spur of the moment, and frequently when the mind was harrassed with disease or occupied with more important business, still show the acute comprehensive genius of the author, and teach us what might be expected from him, when this vast power was exerted with all its gigantic energy. On the other hand, when we perceive that a mind, which could govern the world, which dictated to Europe, and raised the desponding spirits of a nation to confidence and to victory, can thus bend, in easy familiar language, to give lessons of wisdom and virtue to a boy, we are led to admire its versatility, as much as we were before astonished at its comprehensive powers. Yet we must not mislead the reader. These letters are few and slight: they are sketches only; yet they are the sketches of a master, and such as will always please, always interest, without borrowing any part

part of the pleasure they convey from a contemplation of the character or rank of the writer.

The editor, lord Grenville, by whom they are dedicated to the present chancellor of the exchequer, introduces them by a preface, which is a very elegant and finished composition.

Critical Review.

Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford), when at Cambridge. Third Edition. 12mo. *pp.* 134.

"The following correspondence," says Lord Grenville, "imperfect as it is, (and who will not lament that many more such letters are not preserved?) exhibits a great orator, statesman, and patriot, in one of the most interesting relations of private society. Not, as in the cabinet or the senate, enforcing, by a rigorous and commanding eloquence, those councils to which his country owed her pre-eminence and glory, but implanting with parental kindness, into the minds of an ingenuous youth, seeds of wisdom and virtue, which ripened into full maturity in the character of a most accomplished man, directing him to the acquisition of knowledge, as the best instrument of action; teaching him by the cultivation of his reason to strengthen and establish in his heart those principles of moral rectitude which were congenial to it, and, above all, exhorting him to regulate the whole conduct of his life by the predominant influence of gratitude and obedience to God, the only sure ground-work of every human duty." *Anti-jacobin.*

The Beauties of England and Wales; or, Delineations Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive, of each County. Embellished with Engravings, by John Britton and Edward Wedlake Brayley. Vol. II. 8vo. 14*s. Boards.*

We introduced this work in our Second Series, Vol. 34, and then examined its object and design. The second volume is by no means inferior to the former: the engravings, with a very few exceptions, are, we think, superior, and the compilation is, on the whole, more select and valuable.

It is impossible to conjecture the extent of this work. It must necessarily be voluminous; but, if continued with the spirit and attention with which it has commenced, it will be truly valuable, as uniting antiquarian research, descriptive accounts, and picturesque beauties. We would advise, however, a greater degree of attention to the embellishments. The plates are, at present, very unequally executed. A good Index is subjoined.

Critical Review.

The complete Navigator, or an easy and familiar Guide to the Theory and Practice of Navigation, with all the requisite Tables, &c. By Andrew Mackay, L. L. D. F. R. S. Ed. &c. Author of the Theory and Practice of finding the Longitude at Sea and Land, &c. Price 10*s.* 6*d. pp.* 217.

From Dr. Mackay's well-earned fame as a mathematician and astronomer, and from the specimens which he has given of his practical knowledge of nautical science, we, of course expected that a regular Treatise of Navigation from his pen would be a valuable acquisition to seamen, and the work before us fully answers our expectations. It is a clear, well digested, and masterly performance, containing, besides what is useful in other publications, much new and important matter. *Anti-jacobin.*

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of Sir William Jones. By Lord Teignmouth. 4*to. London.* 1804.

At the earnest entreaty of Lady Jones (to whom the volume is inscribed) Lord Teignmouth has undertaken to be the biographer of our most accomplished scholar. The plan of the very elegant quarto before us, was suggested by a single sheet written by the subject of the work. What Lord Sheffield was enabled to do in consequence of the extensive correspondence of Gibbon, is well known to our readers: that of Sir William Jones is highly interesting, and though more confined in the topics, is not less a faithful display of a mind of great vigour and patience, with a singular passion for the acquisition of languages.

It only remains to be added, that Lord Teignmouth has adopted the mode of MASON rather than JOHNSON in biography; that he writes with great clearness and elegance, and that his wisdom bears the noble stamp of freedom and charity.

Monthly Mirror.

A General Itinerary of England, Wales, and Part of Scotland, containing all the Direct and Principal Cross Roads to every City and Market Town, &c. &c. arranged on a New Plan, with copious Indexes and Tables. 8*vo. pp.* 594.

In regard to the execution of this Itinerary, it appears to us to be very correct in the several roads with which we are acquainted, and when we consider the arduous task the editor has accomplished, in delineating twenty-five thousand miles of direct and cross roads, and inserting the names and situations of ten thousand country seats, &c. we do not feel inclined to censure some few inaccuracies

racies which we have discovered on carefully looking it over, for instance, in page 2, Osterly Park now belongs to Lord Villars; page 219, the Leasowes is now in the possession of Mr. Hamilton; page 176, from Leek to Bakewell is nineteen and a quarter miles, instead of eighteen miles.

The indexes, which are very copious and distinct, will be found particularly useful to persons travelling on business.

Upon the whole, we have no hesitation in recommending this work to the notice of our readers, as the most extensive and correct Itinerary hitherto published. *Monthly Mirror.*

Baparteuon and the French People under his Consulate. Translated from the German. 8vo. 7*s.* 1804.

No publication has yet fallen into our hands, respecting the arch-enemy of Europe, which offers so much information as the present. *Monthly Mirror.*

Sermons, selected and abridged chiefly from minor Authors, from Trinity Sunday to the twenty-fifth Sunday, inclusive. Adapted generally to the Epistle, Gospel, or first Lesson, or to the several Seasons of the Year. Together with Eight occasional Sermons on important Subjects; and an earnest Exhortation to attend Public Worship. Addressed by a Clergyman to his Parishioners. For the Use of Families. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ-Church, Hants, and of Great Ouseborne, Yorkshire; and Editor of the Abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. Vol. II. Price 10*s.* 6*d. The second Edition. pp.* 724.

We expressed a wish, in our review of the first volume, that it might be read in every churchman's family throughout the kingdom; and we repeat the wish, with still greater earnestness, with respect to the second volume. Whilst we recommend it to the attention of our readers, we congratulate the public on their having it in their power to purchase, at so easy an expense, a book from which they will, as we have already suggested, derive, in no common degree, both instruction and edification.

The little work at the end of the volume, entitled an Exhortation to attend Public Worship, is executed with a masterly hand. We observe that it is sold separate, at a very cheap rate, for the purpose of distribution. We can assure our readers that they cannot do a greater service to their ignorant, thoughtless, or profligate neighbours, than by distributing among them this excellent tract, which will, we doubt not, both convince the understanding, and impress the heart. *Monthly Mirror.*

Modern Literature: a Novel, in Three Volumes. By Robert Bisset, L. L. D. pp. 978. 1804.

The subject of the present work, as our readers will perceive, from its title, opens a rich and capacious field for observation, animadversion, and comment, into which the Doctor occasionally takes an extensive range. His hero, a young man of respectable family, but small fortune, is destined to rise to eminence by the labors of his pen; and hence an opportunity is afforded of introducing him to literary characters, and to their employers; and of explaining their different qualifications and pursuits. But though this be the leading feature of the novel, it is not rendered so prominent as to mar the interest of the story, which is skilfully preserved by probable incidents, as to prevent the exhibition of other characters, which are copied from Nature, and are ably drawn.

It is, upon the whole, a work calculated not only to amuse but to instruct. The story is interesting, the incidents are natural, and the characters well supported. What the reflections and observations are with which it abounds, it is needless to state. It certainly will not detract from the reputation which the author has acquired and deserved. *Anti-jacobin.*

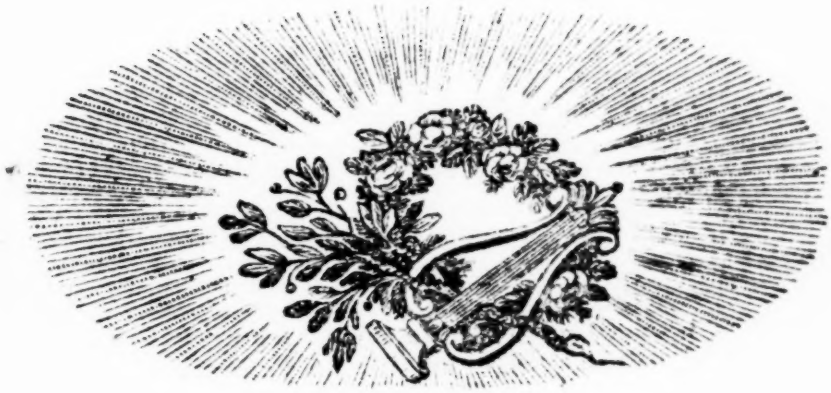
English Spelling-Book; with reading Lessons adapted to the Capacities of Children: in three Parts, calculated to advance the Learners by natural and easy Gradations; and to teach Orthography and Pronunciation together. By Lindley Murray. 12*mo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* 1804.

We have before had occasion to commend the useful labours of Mr. Murray, and this little work is an addition to them, which, from its ease, clearness, and precision, will prove greatly serviceable to the tender age for which it is designed.

Monthly Mirror.

A Sermon preached before the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in the Parish Church of St. George, Hanover-Square, the 3d of May, 1804. *By Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Landaff.* 8*vo.* 1*s.*

It has been the fate of the purest human institutions to degenerate, and lose their primitive design; but while the society for the suppression of vice does not overstep the bounds of prudence and good policy, or become righteous overmuch, none, whose good opinion is valuable, can object to the association. The bishop's discourse is an able composition, as, indeed, is every thing that comes from his lordship's pen. *Monthly Mirror.*



The Apollonian Wreath.

PASTORAL LINES.

APOLLO's beams had streak'd the eastern skies,
The tuneful lark had bid the shepherd rise,
On each green spray the spangling dew-drops hung,
And Echo chanted to the feather'd throng,
When, on the margin of a winding stream,
Alexis sung, and *love* the shepherd's theme.

" Murm'ring streamlet, swiftly flowing,
" Stay thy scanty tide awhile;
" Tell, oh tell me, where thou'rt going,
" If thou rov'st where beauties smile.

" Should'st thou, in thy wild meanders,
" Meet my tantalizing fair,
" Say, her faithful shepherd wanders,
" Hapless, hopless, in despair.

" Whilst thy silver stream is gliding,
" Softly where the maiden stands;
" Tell her how the boy, deriding,
" Holds me in his silken bands.

" Say, thy flow'ry banks bereaving
" Of their willows, oft I rove,
" Verdant wreaths and chaplets weaving,
" Tokens sad of hapless love.

" Purest water! faithful proving,
" I'll protect thy pebbly bed;
" And, when weary'd oft with roving,
" On thy banks recline my head.

" Cruel riv'let, not so heedless
" Let thy silver current rove:
" Ah! my sighs, my plaints are needless,
" Thou hast never learnt to love.

" Vernal zephyr, fondly playing
" On her bosom, for me plead;
" Whil'st in that sweet heav'n thou'rt staying,
" Whisper how my heart doth bleed.

" Fraught with sweets of violets blooming
" On some moss-besprinkled plain;
" Say, with countless sighs consuming,
" Thou didst leave her constant swain.

" Aerial wanton, lightly hovering
" O'er those balmy lips of bliss;
" Rows of purest ivory covering,
" Steal, oh, steal me oft a kiss.

" Had I that sweet art of changing,
" Which the God* of old possess'd,
" Wing'd like thee, I'd soon be ranging,
" And recline upon her breast.

" Lovely zephyr, art thou listening?
" Dost thou hear my plaintive lay?—
" No, the pearly dew-drops glistening,
" Thou art brushing from the spray.

" Cupid! take thy bow, and bend it,
" And prepare thy keenest dart;
" Then on swiftest pinions send it
" Deep into the fair one's heart."

So sang the swain the leafy groves among;
Each shady grotto murmur'd as he sung;
Each coming morn beholds him sad, and slow
Murm'ring soft strains,
To ease the pains
Which only lovers know.

Clare,
October, 1804. J. FITCH.

* Proteus.

LINES

On the Death of a Brother, who died after a short Absence from his native Country.

By the Author of the Lines on "*Whatever is, is Right*," page 356.

WHAT dismal sounds distract my list'ning ear?
What melancholy news is this I hear?
My much-lov'd William has resign'd his breath,
And sunk into the icy grasp of Death!
From this vain world he has for ever fled,
Belov'd while living, and lamented dead.
The choicest gifts of Heaven adorn'd his mind;
Nature and science were in him combin'd;
But neither learning, youth, or friends, could save,
My dearest William from an early grave.
When we relate the melancholy tale,
Surrounding friends o'er thy sad fate bewail;
Each feeling bosom heaves a deep-drawn sigh,
The humid drop stands trembling in each eye;
For thee those tears will never cease to flow,
And still a sigh soft Pity will bestow.
If o'er thy lifeless form we could have mourn'd,
The last sad office had we but perform'd,
It would, methinks, afford us some relief,
And serve to mitigate our poignant grief.
But far from home,—no mother's tender care,
No sister's fond attention, couldst thou share;
No one to drop a sympathizing tear,
Or heave a sigh o'er thy untimely bier.
But when the separation first was plann'd,
And he resolv'd to quit his native land,
In strange forebodings of the dire event,
My mother's melancholy hours were spent;
And when he came to take his last farewell,
The anguish of her mind—ah, who can tell?
She sobb'd, "My William—you will leave this shore,
"And I shall never—never see you more!"
"My dearest mother! say not so," he cries,
While the big tears dimm'd his expressive eyes,
And roll'd unceasing down his manly cheek—
Grief choak'd his utt'rance as he tried to speak.
"A few more years roll o'er our heads, and then,
"I hope to meet you—ne'er to part again.
"And you, my sister, wherefore do you weep?
"I go, that you advantages may reap.

" To see you grieve increases my distress ;
" Indeed, I cannot bear to leave you thus.
" But though we're destin'd for a time to part,
" Believe me, you will still be near my heart ;
" Your future welfare and concerns, my love,
" To me a greater stimulus will prove."
Dear gen'rous William ! I can ne'er forget
Thy love to me while mem'ry holds its seat,
But ever shall retain the highest sense
Of gratitude, till Death shall call me hence.
Ah, can I e'er forget that fatal day,
When he, distracted, tore himself away ?
The mournful scene is on my mind impress'd,
Too deeply ever to be quite eras'd ;
My brother's anguish, and my mother's woe,
Will still be present, wheresoe'er I go.
Grief's sharpest pangs rack'd her maternal breast ;
Tortur'd by fell suspense, she knew no rest,
Till the glad news, which we at length receiv'd,
Bespoke him safe, and all our cares reliev'd.
With fond delight the letter she perus'd ;
To be consol'd no longer she refus'd ;
Assur'd that what she chiefly fear'd was o'er,
And he had safely reach'd the destin'd shore ;
Then joy once more resum'd its wonted place,
And pleasure sparkled in her care-worn face.
But, ah, how doubly painful was the stroke,
When to her ears the dismal news was broke ;
How great the shock ! so unexpected too,
That she could scarce believe the tidings true.
Religion only can support the mind ;
In this alone we consolation find.
May He who this affliction did ordain,
Under the stroke her sinking mind sustain.
Short-sighted mortals know not what is best,
But should submit to Heaven's high behest ;
Assur'd, whate'er befals us, must be right,
Although futurity is hidden from our sight.

EXTEMPORE,

On finding a bad Watch, supposed to be lost.

I THOUGHT my watch was gone—I might have known
That which would never go, could not be gone.

VERSES

VERSES

Addressed to a Friend on his Marriage.

SINCE now, my good friend, you are settled for life,
And for better and worse you have taken a wife,
For richer, for poorer, in sickness, in health,
To love and to cherish, and aid with your wealth;
I hope you won't wonder, or take it amiss,
That you have not received some verses ere this.
But, indeed, till of late, not a Muse would incline
To assist my poor brain in perfecting a line.

It is not, believe me, th' effect of mere diction,
But proceeds, my dear friend, from a thorough conviction,
That I think you'll no more the world's follies attend,
But find in your wife, your companion and friend.
Nay, you who, I know, are of feeling possest,
Will find the best monitor in your own breast,
Which will teach you no more after pleasure to roam,
Since the purest and sweetest will greet you at home.

And now I shall venture, tho' not over-nice,
To give you and Ellen a little advice:
So with you, whose opinion I've not got to win,
I shall boldly take on me at once to begin.
And first, I must say, now you've more than yourself
To support, you must look to each shilling of pelf;
Take your father's advice—'twas not that of a ninny—
"George, e'er you *once* spend it, look *twice* at a guinea!"

Throughout your whole household let order preside;
For order with prudence is ever allied;
'Tis a system that all, who come under your roof,
Will commend, or of friendship they give you no proof.
Still welcome your friends with a smile, and good cheer;
But never let rev'ling or discord appear:
It is but disgusting in bachelors' lives;
But is past all enduring 'mongst husbands and wives.

Next beware, tow'rds your wife not to seem too austere,
But in trifles still kind and obliging appear;
And you'll find in the weightier concerns of your life,
More obedient, more gentle, more loving, your wife.
For hatred and discord too often take root,
And are fix'd in the mind from some trifling dispute;
Whilst pleasing attentions bring pleasure and ease;
For when pleas'd with ourselves, ev'ry trifle will please.

Now,

Now, tell Ellen, I hope, as sh'as changed her name,
And must now be address'd as a married dame,
That I hope, as the *Miss* now aside she has laid,
She will please in the *wife* as she pleas'd in the *maid*:
And tell her—and give it particular stress—
As she ever has been, to be neat in her dress;
That you still will permit her to be *degagée*,
But you cannot forgive her if *negligée*!

If affection be true, she will never discover
More faults in the husband than seem'd in the lover:
Let her only to studying his temper attend,
And the husband will fly to the wife as a friend:
If she strive, when he's ruffled, to sooth him to peace,
She shall find his esteem—his affection—increase:
And this my request I most hope she'll remember,
When her husband is *May*, that she won't be *December*.

And you, too, my friend, let sense govern your life,
And what pleas'd in the mistress, will charm in the wife;
So when time shall the warmth of desire assuage,
Your love shall be mellow'd to friendship in age:
So shall every comfort, that happiness, health,
And pleasure, can give to th' enjoyment of wealth,
Be yours—while contentment, devoid of all strife,
Its blessings shall shed on your autumn of life.

I, too, with an Ellen, would enter that state,
From which you, my friend, may your happiness date;
For the time may soon come when my race will be run;
And when that arrives, what can *I* say I've done?
Have I been a husband, a father, in life?
The guardian and friend of a much-belov'd wife?
Th' instructor of infants—have I form'd the mind,
And taught them the duties they owe to mankind?

Yet, when I am cold in the comfortless tomb,
And the spirit I boast of is waiting its doom,
If haply some friend shall e'er pass where I lie,
Surveying my tomb, he may say, with a sigh,—
"Alas, my good fellow, that spirit is still,
"Which performed no *good*, but intended no *ill*."—
No eulogy labour'd—no classical task—
But this simple comment is all that I ask.

MINOS.

SONNET

On seeing a distressed Female sitting among a Heap of Ruins.

WHAT beauteous maid was that whose lovely form
Sought refuge in yon lonely ruin'd tower?
Dripping with wet from last night's raging storm,
Unsheltered from the tempest's madd'ning power?

Intensely glow'd with heat the sultry day,
The world's destruction seem'd approaching nigh;
No star dispens'd a glimmering, cheering ray;
Resounding thunder shook the vaulted sky.

Wan were her looks, for hunger seem'd her guest;
And that insatiate demon, Want, was there:
Her hands were clasp'd upon her heaving breast,
Her looks were wild with horror and despair.

Down a recess with eager haste she flew,
And thick'ning darkness hid her from my view.

G. R——TH——E.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Head-strong.

II.—Ear-wig.

Correspondence, &c.

Honestus *is respectfully informed, that the Editor considers himself as having discharged his duty, by observing the rule*—Audi alteram partem. *He has admitted the* con *and the* pro, *the attack and the defence; and is apprehensive the Readers of the Museum would think a farther prosecution of the subject more than enough.*

"Abdallah and Abra," *a Tale, it is hoped, may obtain a place next Month.*

Gulielmus, *of* Market Drayton, *has mistaken the nature of our Work in the communication he has sent.*

It is not our wish to discourage Adolphus, *who has favoured us with what he calls his* Coup d'Essai; *but he has unfortunately chosen the most trite of all trite subjects, and one, of which we are heartily sick.*

The pathetic narrative of Amicus *shall appear next Month, if possible.*

Our fair Readers may expect to be gratified with a striking Portrait of the OLD WOMAN, *who has afforded them so much instruction and delight, in the course of the ensuing Volume.*

"Margery Oldcoat to the Old Woman," N. H's "Enigma;" "Self-Interest," *by* Veritas; *and* Mr. Hackett's "Elegiac Sonnet;" *shall appear in our next Number; and* "Paulin" *will be begun.*

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